









\_\_\_\_\_

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 104

1.1: EXTENSION COMPANY, The  
The Building, Connellsville, Pa.

all for less than 10 cents.

all for less than 10 cents.

The rate is one cent a word for each insertion. No ad for less than 15 cents.

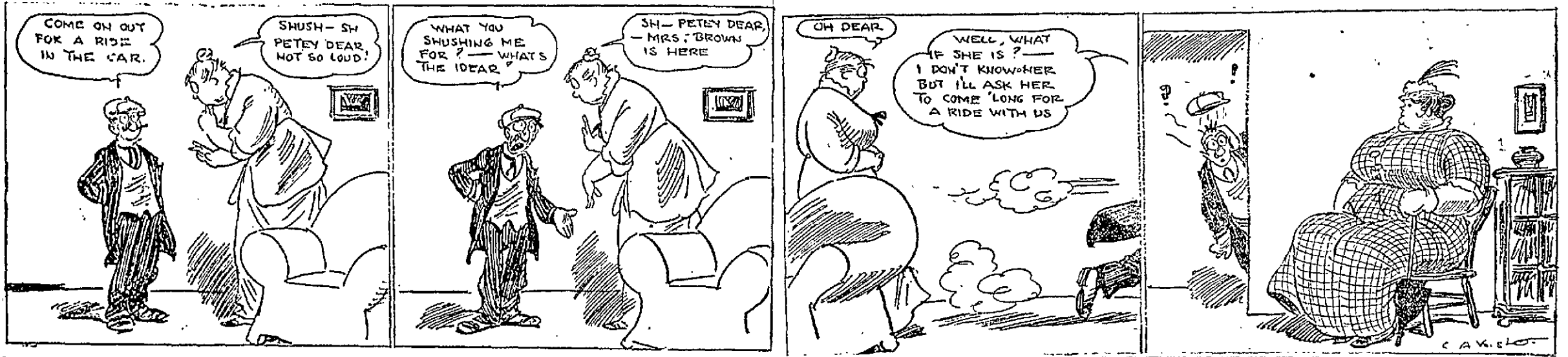
122 S. Pittsburg St. Connellsville, Pa.





By C. A. Voight.

PETEY BINK—His Car Would Certainly Not Stand This Strain



## BUSY KEEPING PARTY PLEDGES

Republican Leaders Do Not Break Faith With People.

STAND BY PLATFORM, IS MOTTO

Passage of Suffrage Amendment, Introduction of Workman's Compensation Bill by Chairman Crow and Agitation For Better Highways and a Fair Child Labor Law Indicate Square Deal to the Electorate.

Harrisburg, March 23.—Simultaneously with the approval by the state senate of the resolution proposing the equal suffrage amendment to the constitution, a workman's compensation law was introduced in both branches of the legislature by Senator Crow and Representative William D. Walton. The following day Republican leaders took up the question of giving the people better highways, and then came a hearing on four child labor bills, with a strong indication that a law will be placed upon the statute books calling for reasonable, but nevertheless effective, regulations governing the employment of minors.

These four events prove that the Republican party is determined to redeem every pledge made in the platform on which Senator Denny, Governor Brumbaugh and the other nominees ran last fall. Already conclusive proof is at hand that State Chairman Crow wants every plank of the platform lived up to, and he is unwilling that the legislature adjourn until the people are given what was promised them during the campaign of 1914.

The passage of the suffrage amendment was a disagreeable surprise to the members of the Republican party, who have been claiming that at no time have the leaders been disposed to put this question up to the people. Throughout the campaign it was frequently asserted from the rostrum and in the press that the amendment was marked for defeat in the senate, and that those in favor of suffrage would have to begin over again two years from now.

Pledged Its Submission. But Chairman Crow insisted that the amendment pass, not because he favored it, but for the reason that the party he represented had pledged its submission to the voters. The Republican chairman was the first to recognize the Lieutenant Governor when the amendment was reached in the senate. Senator Crow asked for its passage to make good the party pledge.

"Two years ago," said Crow, "I opposed this resolution with all the force at my command. Later, the Republican party was committed to the proposition of presenting the woman suffrage question to the people of the state. On that platform all the Republican party's senate candidates and its assembly candidates were elected. To what extent hold-over members of the senate, elected in 1912, are under obligation to support the resolution has been a matter of discussion. At least they are obligated to the extent of being members of a party that gave the pledge. As to what should be the attitude of those elected on the platform of last year, there can be no question.

"The question before us is: Shall the party pledge be kept? It is as much an obligation of the party to pass this resolution as to fulfill any other platform pledge."

Caring For Employers. Senator Crow is equally as determined that the voters of Pennsylvania be given the benefit of a workman's compensation act, one that will adequately take care of the employee without robbing the establishment where employees secure a living.

"The Republican party is pledged to a compensation law just as strongly as it was pledged to the suffrage amendment," said Senator Crow recently in discussing the platform. "We are going to enact a law that will meet with the approval of a majority of employees in Pennsylvania and which will not be fought to any extent by the employers. The latter—that is most of them—feel that the tendency of the times is in the direction of such legislation, and they are not opposed to Pennsylvania falling in line.

"As for good roads and reasonable child labor laws, the Republican party

will see that the people get both of these demands. Of course the appropriations for roads must be liberal and we must not permit a situation like two years ago, when the highway commissioner was asked to perform miracles in the way of building and repairing roads without funds in hand.

Fair to All Sides. "There is such a conflict of opinion regarding the child labor bills before the legislature that it would be impossible to predict the outcome. All I can say is that the Republican party will do its share towards enacting a law that will be fair to all sides. I find that the manufacturers are agreeable to go half way in giving the people what they desire concerning the regulation of working hours for children. This should make a just child labor bill a certainty.

"I am not one of those who believes that because a man happens to be an employer of labor he is anxious to squeeze the life's blood out of his employees. There is no conspiracy on foot to crush women and chil-



REP. WILLIAM D. WALTON, Lawrence County Legislator, Who Introduced Third Class City Civil Service Bill.

dren, and the more the situation is studied the more evident it becomes that employers are as anxious to remedy any defects as are the women who make up child labor associations in this and adjoining states.

"Over half a billion dollars of capital is represented in the manufacturing establishments of Pennsylvania. The investing of so vast an amount of money enables thousands and thousands of people to earn a living, and after all that is what they desire more than anything else. Especially at this time, when as a result of Democratic tariff tinkering we are suffering a depression, the people of Pennsylvania want work far more than they want sweeping regulations of work hours. To use almost the exact language of the Republican state platform, no child should be permitted to labor under conditions which will injure his usefulness as a future citizen. At the same time the law we enact must not hamper industries to such an extent that they will be unable to employ any boy or girl. This would be doing a terrible injustice to an army of poor people all over Pennsylvania."

Election Bills In. The election bills approved by the Republican state committee have been introduced in the senate, and their rapid passage through both branches is expected. The nature of these proposed changes has already been explained in this correspondence.

What is, perhaps, the most important bill in the lot would prevent the substitution of names on a ticket after the primary. As the law stands at present a nominee may retire from the ticket and the committee representing the particular political party to which he belongs is privileged to "appoint" a candidate for the vacancy. In this way many weak Democratic and so-called reform tickets are bolstered up so as to injure Republican candidates regularly nominated by the people.

Republicans are unanimous for this measure, for it is felt that its passage will be a decided obstacle in future to the schemes of collusion and fraud hatched by men who mask as reformers.

It will be impossible under this act for a candidate to withdraw from a ticket. A vacancy can only occur in case of the death of the nominee. Even if a candidate announces publicly that he does not want the support of the electorate his name will remain on the ballot.

Another bill wipes out the non-partisan method of electing supreme, superior, common pleas and orphan's court judges; also constables in second and third class cities.

Judges' Expenditures. Senator Vane, of Philadelphia, presented a bill which is designed to prevent the expenditure of large sums of money to either elect or defeat candidates for the judiciary. This bill was prepared by Attorney General Brown and will have the backing of the Brumbaugh administration.

Experience in recent statewide campaigns for the nomination and election of judges showed that some candidates were beneficiaries of large campaign funds, or at least there were heavy expenditures made in their behalf.

Judges George B. Orin and George B. Head, of the superior court, are candidates for reelection this year. President Judge Charles E. Rice does not aspire to reelection.

The Vane bill would make it unlawful for any person, committee or organization to contribute or expend any money or other valuable things for election expenses or to promote the nomination of any candidate for any judicial office or to defeat or prevent the nomination of any such candidate. It is provided, however, that contributions may be made direct to any candidate for nomination for judicial offices.

The Walton bill providing for civil service for policemen, firemen and those connected with the engineering and electrical departments of third class cities is through the house, but its prospects in the senate are not specially promising.

Senator Clark's bill to repeal the coal storage act of 1914, which, it is claimed, has operated against farmers, consumers and produce men, passed the senate by a vote of 32 to 7. It is now in the house.

A movement is on foot to impound the money collected by the anthracite tax law for the purpose of highway improvements. This will be vigorously fought by the anthracite region legislators. They say that instead of receiving only one-half the fund, as the law now directs, the entire tax should go to the counties that produce the coal.

The suggestion that the state take all the money will bring to Harrisburg an army of protesting citizens from the northeastern counties.

A Novel Craft. In the harbor of Port Weller, the Ontario entrance of the Welland ship canal, says the Engineering News, the surveying staff uses a flat bottomed boat that can lift itself clear of the water. It is a drift boat or sounding scow, of catamaran model, built particularly for the work of finding the elevation of the rock that underlies the bottom of the river. In order to have a steady platform on which to work during rough weather the surveyors had the scow made with a slot at each corner, through which a very heavy spindle or post can be raised or lowered. The lifting mechanism consists of a wheel on top of each post, over which a wire cable passes from the side of the scow to an individual engine. When the scow heaves and swings in the water the two workmen start the four engines, and presently the scow is standing firm, with its four stout legs on the bottom of the river.

Shipboard English. Here are some specimens of very common errors:

Admit for confess. To admit is to concede something affirmed. An unaccused offender cannot admit his guilt.

Adopt. "He adopted a disguise." One may adopt a child or an opinion, but a disguise is assumed.

Aggravate for irritate. "He aggravated me by his insolence." To aggravate is to augment the disagreeableness of something already disagreeable or the badness of something bad. But a person cannot be aggravated, even if disagreeable or bad.

All of. "He gave all of his property." The words are contradictory. An entire thing cannot be of itself. Omit the preposition.

At for by. "She was shocked at his conduct." This very common solecism is without excuse.—Exchange.

It Hit Him. "Yes," observed the egg. "my theatrical venture was a great success. I was cast for the heavy villain and made a tremendous hit."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Retort Fatherly. "I want to marry your daughter. I love her," said the suitor.

"What makes you think I don't?" retorted her dad.—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Trifles. "Gentle—I wish to show you that I don't stand on trifles," Helen (glancing at her feet)—No, dear; I see you don't.

## Woman's World

A Practical Movement to Aid the Woman on the Farm.



MRS. BELLE VAN DORN HARBERT.

The International Congress of Farm Women is an organization of women who have caught the vision of an ideal life on the farm. They know the hardships which farm women have endured in the past, and they are anxious to brighten the lives and widen the horizon of all women similarly placed.

The American division of the farm women's movement was organized at Colorado Springs in October, 1911, co-ordinate with the Ivy Farming congress. It is now united with many other great national congresses, making one great international union in which twenty-eight nations are represented.

The organization is interested in improving the national and state governments to recognize the needs of farm women. The dangers of the rapid growth of cities, with the accompanying decrease of rural dwellers, is being studied. The doctrine of thrift and the dignity of labor are promulgated in the hope of encouraging a "back to the farm" movement. Unbiased experiments with modern inventions, calculated to save labor in farmhouses, are being carried out, and an effort is made to make it possible for farm women to discriminate between the useless and valuable ones. The congress is also interested in the development of consolidated schools and in encouraging teaching of domestic science and practical housekeeping.

The leader in this useful movement and the president of the organization is Mrs. Belle Van Dorn Harbert of Manitou, Colo., a woman of charming personality and wide human sympathy. Mrs. Harbert has made a study of the questions affecting the welfare of women on the farm and has been wonderfully successful in interesting them in the movement.

BAMBOO EFFECTS.

Outing Hats In This Now and Pretty Straw Proves Acceptable.

Acquired straw in bamboo effect has been popular for midsummer hats, and its acceptability for rough and ready outing hats cannot be gainsaid. Illustrated here is a model of brown



NOVEL SPRING HAT.

Acquired straw, woven in bamboo effect. The shape is a modification of the over popular sailor, the narrow crown drooping to one side and flaring upward at the other. The trimming consists of grosgrain ribbon and felt flowers.

Fixing Up an Election.

A curious incident once occurred at Patton on an election for parliament. Sir Mark Wood, who had been one of its members for several years, had as his colleague in the parliament of 1812 Sir William Courtenay, the inventor of the famous "Congreve" rocket. The latter resigned in 1816, and the bureau wished his own son to fill the vacancy. There were only three voters in the constituency—Sir Mark, his son and his butler, named Jennings—but as the son was away and the butler had quarreled with his master an opportunity was afforded for a singular revenge. Jennings refused to second Sir Mark's nomination of his son and proposed himself, and a deadlock was averted only by Sir Mark coming to terms with the refractory butler, whose nomination he seconded in order to induce him to act as a second to his son. Matters being thus put formally in train, Sir Mark arranged with Jennings that the former's vote should be alone given, and the final state of the poll at Patton's only known contest stood thus: Wood (For), 1; Jennings (White), 0.—Westminster Gazette.

Snow Ice Cream.

Snow ice cream—what a joy it used to be to the child heart! Mother used to make it when she had been importuned to "let her have one more cupful, ma'am." The youth of today, perhaps, does not need that joy, with everything so handy for buying "stope" ice cream. But never can such makeshift take away the memory of the earlier dish. It was so easy to make too. Nature kindly furnished the foundation, and all that was necessary was to add sugar and milk. When a new fall of snow came the children watched anxiously until it became deep enough to scoop up cupfuls of the crystals. Then it was carried to mother and milk poured in and more snow added, until there was a full cupful. Sugar was added until the taste was just right and the mixture was placed out of doors until it had become a half frozen mass, and there was the ice cream—Indianapolis News.

Nicked Arteries.

A "nick" in an artery is sometimes more dangerous than its complete severing, for the coats of arteries are formed of muscular tissue, which contracts, and a slight cut at once expands into a round or oval hole, through which the hemorrhage continues unless the artery be tied. When an artery is completely severed the cut ends tend to turn in and close the tube. In the case of a small artery this closing sometimes needs no assistance. In the case of a larger artery the surgeon ties it at once and thus closes it for good. The New York Medical Journal reports two cases at Lincoln hospital in which hemorrhages broke out over and over again for several weeks in arteries that had only just been nicked and that were finally healed by being tied just as if they had been severed.

A Question of Numbers.

Herbert Spencer did not agree with the scientists who favored the metric system. He said it is artificial and unsatisfactory, ten being divisible by only two numbers—two and five—and in one case the result is fifths, which are practically useless in the everyday life of the people. The decimal system is similarly objectionable, he contended, because it has an imperfect fourth and a more imperfect third, both of which are desirable in ordinary transactions. He regarded twelve as one of the most favorable numbers, as it is easily divisible into groups of units for popular use.

Colored Embroideries.

There is a great deal of embroidery worn—cliffon worked with a loose, coarse stitch—with the happiest results, but we have to accustom our eyes to the bright colors. Red and blue are introduced together on tan and green, and purple on yellow, while yellow and red find favor.

DON'TS FOR CHILDREN.

Don't allow children to read in a dim light.  
Don't let them read with the sunlight glaring on the book.  
Don't allow them to read at night when the light is dim.  
Don't allow them to read when lying down.  
Don't allow them to read for too long a time.

**COMPLETE \$5.00 OUTFIT**  
**SELF-SHAVING SET**  
**PRESENTED BY THE**  
**DAILY COURIER.**  
**YOU'LL NEVER NEED TO BUY ANOTHER BLADE**

Present the above coupon at this office, and the cost amount of expense items named below, and get this Safety Outfit that has made self-shaving popular.

**\$5.00** Ready to use, all complete, contains one VERY SHARP Safety Razor, one quick stropper, one Genuine Horse Hide Strop, Six Sharp Steel Blades, one box Very Sharp Dressing, which applied to the strop a little at a time will keep the blades sharp forever. This complete self-shaving outfit makes shaving a pleasure at any and all times. Present one Coupon with the cost amount of expense items which is only **89c**.

By Mail on the Same Terms, but Include 6 Cents Additional for Postage.

**Efficient Service and Courteous Treatment**

Has enabled us, within the past year, to double the number of our customers. Quite a number of persons and societies, with surplus funds, who do not want to tie up their money subject to the rules of a regular 4% account, are taking advantage of our special 3% account. If you are a customer at this bank you will always find us willing to extend any reasonable accommodation on satisfactory security.

**Our Customers Always Receive the Preference.**

If you have a little ready money it will pay you to open an account with us, become acquainted, and take advantage of our service.

**The Colonial National Bank**  
of Connellsville, Pa. Main and Pittsburg Sts.  
4% interest paid on Certificates and Time Deposits. Foreign Department equipped to give the best of service.

**WE LOAN MONEY**

To any honest person having steady work, on furniture, Pianos, Real Estate, Live Stock, or U. S. Steel Stock. Repaid in easy installments. Salary loans also made to single men with steady work.

**FAYETTE BROKERAGE COMPANY,**  
Room 207, Title & Trust Building,  
Connellsville, Pa.

**Men Who Have Money**

do not, as a rule, carry much currency about them. They know that to Pay by Check is the Safe, Convenient and Economical Way.

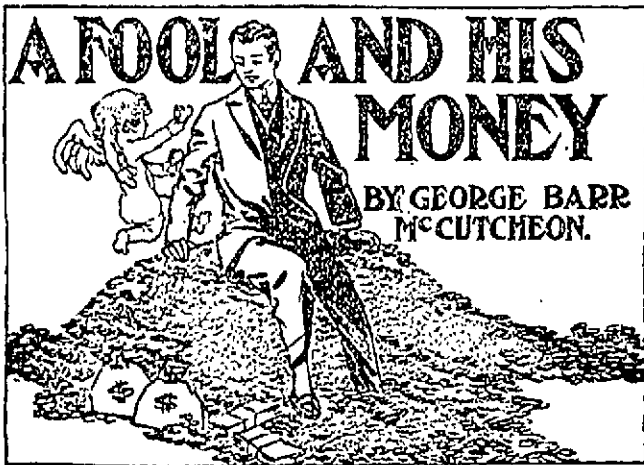
Your Checking Account, large or small, is invited.

**First National Bank**  
"The Bank That Does Things For You"  
129 W. Main St., Connellsville.  
Capital and Surplus \$300,000.

**WEAR Horner's Clothing**

**J. B. KURTZ,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
AND REAL ESTATE.  
No. 3 South Meadow Lane,  
Connellsville, Pa.





Copyright, 1915, by George Barr McCutcheon.

"Don't take it so 'ard, sir," he made haste to say. "Blatchford 'as fixed a place for you on the couch in your study, sir. It's all very snug, sir."

"But, Blatchford, I don't know, 'suppose that I should have come home last night. Don't you see?"

"I dunno, sir, 'nd the door locked, sir," he said.

"My special train," I mumbled. A light broke in upon my revolving intellect. "Why, it was the train that went through at a mile a minute while we were in the coffee house. No wonder we didn't meet her."

"I shudder to think of what would have happened if we had, sir," said he, meaning no doubt to please me. "Mr. Poopeydyke says the countess 'as been up all night worrying about you, sir. She 'as been distracted. She wanted 'im to go out and search for you at 4 o'clock this morning, but he says he 'asured 'er you'd turn up all right. He says Mrs.—the elderly lady, begging your pardon, sir—thought she was doing for the best when she took a special. She wanted to save us all the trouble she could. He says she was very much distressed by our failure to 'ave some one meet her with a bunch when she got here last night, sir. As it was, she didn't reach the castle until nearly 1, and she looked like a drowned rat when she got there. Icing her—exposed to a beastly rainstorm. See what I mean? She went to bed in a dreadful state, he says, but he thinks she'll be more pleasant before the day is over."

I burst into a fit of laughter. "Hurray!" I shouted exultantly. "Well, by Jove, I don't feel half as bad as I did five minutes ago. Come, let us be off."

We started briskly down the street. My spirits were beginning to rebound. Poopeydyke had said that she worried all night about me. She had been distracted. Poor little woman! Still I was glad to know that she had the grace to sit up and worry instead of going to sleep as she might have done. It was just mean enough to be happy over it.

Poopeydyke met us on the town side of the river. He seemed a little haggard, I thought. He was not slow, on the other hand, to announce in her ear, as we passed, that I looked like a ghost.

"You must get those wet clothes off at once, Mr. Smart, and go to bed with a hot water bottle and ten grains of quinine. You'll be very ill if you don't. Put a lot more elbow grease into those arms, Max. Get a move on you. Do you want Mr. Smart to die of pneumonia?"

CHAPTER XIX.  
I Meet Mrs. Titus.

WHILE we were crossing the bridge, I saw a woman and a young man, both looking very much excited, talking the story of the night.

"We were just starting off for the bathhouse up the river, according to plans, Max and Rudolph and I with the two boats, when the countess came down in a mackintosh and a pair of gum boots and insisted upon going along with us. She said it wasn't fair to make you do all the work and all that sort of thing. While we were arguing with her—and it was getting so late that I feared we wouldn't be in time to meet you—we heard some one shouting on the opposite side of the river. The voice sounded something like Blatchford's, and the countess insisted that there had been an accident and that you were hurt. Mr. Smart and I, of course, would do but we must send Max and Rudolph over to see what the trouble was. It was raining cats and dogs, and I realized that it would be impossible for you to get a boatman on that side at that hour of the night. It was nearly 1:30 I sent the two Schmicks across. I've never seen a night as dark as it was. The two little lanterns bobbing in the boat could hardly be seen through the torrents of rain, and it was next to impossible to see the lights on the opposite landing stage—just a dull, milky glow.

"To make the story short, Mrs. Titus and her sons were over there, with absolutely no means of crossing the river. It took two trips over to fetch the whole party across. Raining pelted forks all the time, you understand. Mrs. Titus was foaming at the mouth because you don't own a yacht or at least a launch with a canopy top or a life-preserver or something of the sort.

"I didn't have much of a chance to converse with her. The countess tried to get her upstairs in the east wing, but she wouldn't. Then another step I forgot to mention—that had to do with the bit in and six inches deep. The Schmicks carried her the last half of the distance. She insisted on sleeping in the hall or the study—anywhere but upstairs. I assumed the responsibility of putting her in your bed, sir. It was

either that or—

I broke in sarcastically. "You couldn't have put her into your bed, I suppose."

"See very kindly, Mr. Smart," he said in an injured voice. "One of her sons occupied my bed. Of course it was all right, because I didn't intend to go to bed, as it happened. The other son went upstairs with the countess. She gave up her bed to him, and then she and I sat up all night in the study waiting for a telephone message from you. The younger son explained a good many things to us that his mother absolutely refused to discuss. She was so mad when she got here. It seems she took it into her head at the last minute to charter a special train, but forgot to notify us of the switch in the plans. She traveled by the regular train from Paris to some place along the line, where she got out and waited for the special which was following along behind, straight from Paris too. A awful waste of money, she seemed to me. Her idea was to throw a couple of plain clothes men off the track, and, by George, sir, she succeeded. They thought she was changing from a train to some place in Switzerland and went off to watch the other station. Then she sneaked aboard the special, which was chartered clear through to Vienna. See how clever she is? If they followed on the next train or telegraphed it would naturally be to Vienna. She got off at this place, and—well, we have her with us, sir, as snug as a bug in a rug."

"What is she like, Fred?" I inquired. I confess that I long on his reply. "I have never seen a wet hen, but I should say on a guess that she's a good bit like one. Perhaps when she's thoroughly dried out she may not be so bad, but—she drew a long, deep breath—"but upon my word of honor she was the faintest last night. Of course one couldn't expect her to be exactly gracious, with her hair plastered over her face and her hat spoiled and her clothes wet, but there was really no excuse for some of the things she said to me. I shall overlook them for you sake and for the countess's. He was painfully red in the face.

"The conditions, Fred," I said, "were scarcely conducive to polite conversation."

"But, bring it all, I was as wet as she was," he exploded so violently that I knew his soul must have been tried to the utmost.

"We must try to make the best of it," I said. "It will not be for long." The thought of it somehow sent my heart back to its lowest level.

He was grim and silent for a few minutes. Then he said, as if the thought had been on his mind for some hours: "She isn't a day over forty-five. It doesn't seem possible, with a six foot son twenty-six years old."

Grimly I explained, "They marry quite young when it's for money, Fred."

"I suppose that's it," he sighed. "I fancy she's handsome, too, when she hasn't been ruined upon."

We were halfway up the slope when he announced nervously that all of my dry clothing was in the closet off my bedroom and could not be got at under any circumstance.

"But," he said, "I have laid out my best frock coat and trousers for you and a complete change of linen. You are quite welcome to anything I possess, Mr. Smart. I think if you take a couple of rolls at the bottom of the trousers they'll be presentable. The coat may be a little long for you, but—"

My loud laughter cut him short.

"It's the best I could do," he said in an aggrieved voice.

I had a secret hope that the countess would be in the courtyard to welcome me, but I was disappointed. Old Grate met me and went over me, as if I was not already sufficiently moist. The chief came running out to say that breakfast would be ready for me when I desired it; Blatchford felt of my coat, sleeves and told me that I was quite wet. Hawkes had two large, steaming puddles waiting for us in the vestibule, apparently fearing that we could get no farther without the aid of a stimulant. But there was no sign of a single Titus.

Later I ventured forth in Poopeydyke's best suit of clothes, the one he uses when he passes the plate on Sundays in Faraway Yonkers. It smelled of moth balls, but it was gloriously dry, so why care? We sneaked down the corridor past my own bedroom door and stole into the study.

Just inside the door I stopped in amazement. The countess was sound asleep in my big armchair, a footstool but lovely thing in a pink peluche. Her rumpled brown hair nestled in the angle of the chair; her hands, drooped listlessly at her sides; dark lashes lay upon the soft white cheeks; her lips were parted over so slightly, and her brown nose and fell in the long soft of perfect repose.

Poopeydyke clutched me by the arm and drew me toward the door or I might have stood there transfixed for

heaven knows how long.

"She's asleep," he whispered.

It was the second time in twelve hours that some one had intimated that I was blind.

The door creaked villainously. The gaunt, ecclesiastical tails of my borrowed frock coat were on the verge of being safely outside with me when she cried out, whereupon I swiftly transposed myself and stuck my head through the half open door.

"Oh, it's you!" she cried, in a quavering voice. She was leaning forward in the chair, her eyes wide open and eager.

I advanced into the room. A look of doubt sprang into her eyes. She stared for a moment and then rather pitifully rubbed her eyes.

"Yes, it is I," said I, spreading my arms in such a way that my hands emerged from the confines of Poopeydyke's sleeves. Upon my word, I had no idea that he was so much longer than I. "It is still I, countess, despite the shrinkage."

"The shrinkage?" she murmured, slowly sliding out of the chair. As she nudged her cramped leg she made a little grimace of pain, but smiled as she limped toward me, her hand extended.

"Yes, I always shrink when I get wet," I explained, resorting to face-toussage.

Then I bent over her hand and kissed it. As I neglected to release it at once, the cuff of Poopeydyke's best coat slid down over our two hands, completely enveloping them. It was too much for me to stand. I squeezed her hand with painful fervor and then released it in trepidation.

"Poopeydyke goes to church in it," I said vaguely, leaving her to guess what it was that Poopeydyke went to church in, or perhaps, knowing what I meant, how I happened to be in it for the time being. "You've been crying."

Her eyes were red and suspiciously moist.

As she met my concerned gaze, a watching, whimsical smile crept into her face.

"It has been a disgustingly wet night," she said. "Oh, you don't know how happy I am to see you standing here once more, safe and sound, and—amiable. I expected you to glower and growl!"

"On a bright, glorious, sunshiny morning like this?" I cried. "Never! I prefer to be graciously refractory. Our troubles are behind us."

"How good you are!" After a moment's careful scrutiny of my face she added, "I can see the traces of very black thoughts, Mr. Smart, and recent ones."

"They were black until I came into this room," I confessed. "Now they are rose tinted."

She bent her slender body a little toward me, and the red seemed to leap back into her lips as if propelled by magic. Resolutely I put my awkward, ungainly arms behind my back and straightened my figure. I was curiously impressed by the discovery that I was very, very tall and also very much smaller than my memory recalled.

Of course I had no means of knowing that she was in bedroom slippers and not in the customary high heeled boots that gave her an inch and a half of false stature.

"Your mother is here," I remarked hurriedly.

She glanced toward my bedroom door. "Oh, what a night!" she sighed. "I did all that I could to keep her out of your bed. It was useless. I did cry, Mr. Smart. I know you must hate all of us."

I laughed. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," I quoted. "You are my neighbor, countess. Don't forget that. And it so happens that your mother is also my neighbor at present, and your brothers too. Have you any cousins and uncles?"

"I can't understand how any one can be so good natured as you," she sighed. The crown of her head was on a level with my shoulder. Her eyes were lowered. A faint line of distress grew between them. For a minute I stared down at the brown crest of her head, an almost ingovernable impulse pointing away at my sense of discretion. I do take credit unto myself for being strong enough to resist that opportunity to make an everlasting idiot of myself.

I knew even then that if a similar attack ever came upon me again I should not be able to withstand it.

All this time she was staring rather pensively at the second button from the top of Poopeydyke's coat, and so prolonged and earnest was her gaze that I looked down in some concern, at the same time permitting myself to make a nervous, jerky and quite involuntary digital examination of the afore-said button. She looked up with a nervous little laugh.

"I shall have to sew one on right there for poor Mr. Poopeydyke," she said, poking her finger into the empty buttonhole. "You dear bachelors!"

Then she turned swiftly away from me and glided over to the big armchair, from the depths of which she fished a small velvet bag. Looking over her shoulder, she smiled at me.

"Please look the other way," she said. Without waiting for me to do so she took out a little gold box, a powder puff and a stick of lip rouge. Crossing to the small floor-length mirror that hung near my desk, she proceeded before my startled eyes to repair the slight—and to me unnoticeable—damage that had been done to her complexion before the sun came up.

"Women work in a mysterious way, my friend, her wonders to perform," she paraphrased calmly.

"No matter how transcendently beautiful woman may be, she always does that sort of thing to herself, I take it," said I.

"She does," said the countess with conviction. She surveyed herself critically. "There! And now I am ready to accept an invitation to breakfast. I am disgustingly hungry."

"And so am I!" I cried with enthusiasm.

"Hurray! You shall eat Poopeydyke's breakfast just to penalize him for falling in his duties as host during my unavoidable!"

"Quite impossible," she said. "He has already eaten it."

"He has?"

"At half past 6, I believe. He announced at that anxious hour that he couldn't have his coffee the first thing in the morning he would be in for a headache all day. He suggested that I take a little nap and have breakfast with you—if you succeed in staying the night."

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were usping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow. "He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—"

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were usping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow. "He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—"

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were usping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow. "He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—"

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were usping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow. "He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—"

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were usping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow. "He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—"

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were usping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow. "He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—"

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were usping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow. "He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—"

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were usping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow. "He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—"

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were usping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow. "He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—"

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were usping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow. "He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—"

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were usping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow. "He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—"

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were usping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow. "He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—"

## RETIRING FROM BUSINESS SALE

## The Talk of the City!

Everybody is Delighted with the Wonderful Bargains bought at this store, which surely proves our Leadership in giving values.

HAVE YOU VISITED US YET?

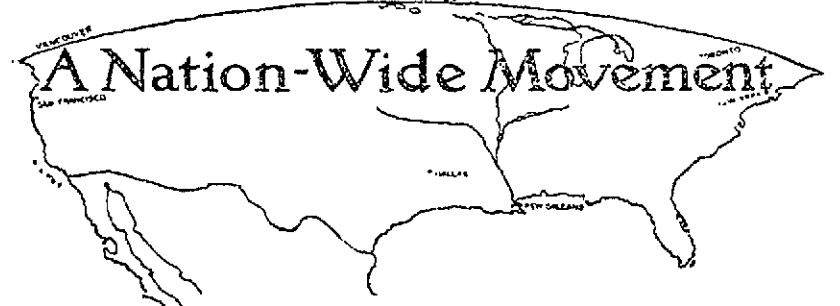
WATCH TOMORROW'S AD. FOR SPECIAL BARGAINS

## BAZAAR DEPARTMENT STORE,

On Pittsburg St.,

J. KINSBURSKY, Prop.,

Connellsville, Pa.



THE Audit Bureau of Circulations is the result of a nation-wide movement to put circulation on a commodity basis—to secure uniformity and standardization.



It is a purely co-operative organization—not for profit. Its membership consists of 878 leading Advertisers, Advertising Agents and Publishers of newspapers, magazines, farm, class, trade and technical journals, forming the most powerful and influential organization in America—it is growing all the time.

The A. B. C. is the only organization that audits, analyzes and verifies circulation figures and facts.

It benefits Advertisers by giving them facts instead of claims. It protects the Agency in its judgment of mediums. It puts the Publisher's circulation on a "known value" basis.

The members of the Audit Bureau of Circulations are pledged to buy and sell circulation as a commodity—both as to quality and quantity.

Complete information regarding the service of the Bureau furnished on request. Send for "Standardized Circulation Information" addressing Russell R. Whitman, Managing Director.

## Audit Bureau of Circulations

330-334 Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago

THE DAILY COURIER IS A MEMBER OF THIS ORGANIZATION.

Gift of the Gods.  
A meat packer's wagon rattled over the cobblestones down First avenue. Overhead roared an elevated train, and in the sunshine on the curb sat five boys shooting craps.

Suddenly one of them darted out into the street, swung himself up on the passing wagon, seized a ham and jumped off—into the arms of a "white wing."

"This agent of the city, after appropriating the ham, gave the boy a vigorous shaking and flung him toward the sidewalk."

Immediately all five boys vanished into the earth.

The "white wing" looked down the street and the wagon had disappeared as completely as the boys, with the driver quite unconscious of any unusual stir.

He looked in every direction; then, doubtless chanting the words for their gift, he wrapped the ham in a newspaper and he too disappeared down a side street.—New York Post.

## Illuminative.

"This meter," explained the gas company official, "measures the quantity of gas you use."

"And," asked the misanthrope who is present on all gloomy occasions, "where is the meter which measures what you charge for?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Too Much to Bear.

Friend—Why are you crying, Bobby?  
Bobby—Ma whipped me because my face was dirty and then washed it.—Judea.

## Canada Sending Her Second Force of Soldiers to Fight for Allies.



CANADIANS LEAVING FOR EMBARKATION TO ENGLAND

